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SPEECH *Lincoln Room*

OF

GENERAL JAMES M. TUTTLE,

OF IOWA,

AND OF

HON. WM. A. WHEELER.

Perhaps the severest loss which the Democratic party has yet suffered in the West is that of Gen. James M. Tuttle, of Iowa, who has abandoned the party unequivocally, and told in vigorous language why he can no longer remain with it. Gen. Tuttle was a war Democrat, and as a successful officer and strong man of great popularity he has been the head of the Iowa Democracy for fifteen years, their candidate for Governor in 1863, and for Congress in 1860. He was always stronger than his party, and has always maintained the principles for which he fought. The recent successes of his party and the doings of the House of Representatives and the St. Louis Convention has shown him what would be the result of Democratic victory in the Presidential canvass. He therefore repudiates his party and its two-faced ticket and announces himself a voter and worker for Hayes and Wheeler. This he did in response to a serenade by the Hayes and Wheeler Club of Des Moines, on Thursday evening last. We take the leading points of his speech from the *Iowa State Register*. The speech was impromptu, but is none the worse for that, as it breathes throughout with strong clear-cut sentences. Gen. Tuttle spoke as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HAYES AND WHEELER CLUB: When I concluded to change my party

I thought that I might be allowed to do it quietly. It was a private act, and required no public announcement, and there was no one to whom I was obligated to account for such an action. But as my course has been so assailed, and I have been called so serverly to account, I may as well embrace this opportunity to tell both my Democratic and my Republican friends why I have left the old Democracy, and why I am here to-night. The act of my change was a private one, but my reasons for so doing were public ones, and they may be told, and shall be. [Cheers.] I am no speaker, and make no pretensions of being. But I can talk to you as neighbors. I have been considered doubtful by many Democrats for nearly two years. [Laughter.] Indeed, I never have been a Democrat if the issues on which they are fighting this year are the principles of the party. [Great applause.] But nearly two years ago the course of duty was developed much more plainly than it ever had been before. What I had seen before that that was wrong I had continued to hope would be found to be mistakes that would be mended.

REBEL DEMOCRATS.

Nearly two years ago I was in St. Louis. Now, there is nothing peculiar in simply having been at St. Louis. But I was there also in 1861. [Cheers.] That was just after the first battle of Bull Run, and St. Louis was thoroughly, wildly, insanely rebel. It was worth a man's life then almost to be seen in the Union uniform. A Union officer about the hotels, where congregated the noisest secession elements, was hooted at and derided, and told, with sneers, "Yes, you'll go South, and you will come back as the Union sol-

diers have just come back from Bull Run, with your tails tucked." But, as I remember it, none of our troops from Iowa ever came back in that shape. [Laughter and applause.] That was the feeling in St. Louis in 1861, and this feeling I found there again, in the same spirit and in the same places, re-expressed by the very same men, when I was there in 1874. It was then I heard the news that the Democrats had elected a majority of the national House, and these same fellows who swarmed about the hotels talking treason and deriding Union soldiers in 1861 were exultant and delirious with joy this last time. I remarked to a gentleman who had been a comrade with me in the war, "This looks like the same set of fellows who were spouting treason here at the beginning of the war. What is it that is exciting them so, and what ails them?" We asked a squad of them what it was that made "them feel so good?" I heard one of them say, "We have got them this time. We can beat them this time." We asked who they meant by "them?" They replied, "We'll elect the next President, and then we've got them. Then we'll get pay for all our property destroyed in the war, and then we'll get pay for our lost slaves. We have the House overwhelmingly now, and in 1876, the Centennial year, we can get the Senate and a Democratic President. Then we can appoint our committees to suit ourselves, and choose our own Southern Claims Committee or Southern Claims Court, and make good our losses by the war." They meant that they would get pay for all the property destroyed by the Union army, and pay for all their emancipated slaves.

THE EX-REBEL PROGRAMME.

Said one, "Give us possession of the Government, and the North will be the rebels next time." This was the talk, and the talk in earnest—as was the talk of the same men in 1861. They mean it. They talked it over coolly and seriously. Said they had already a united south, which would be nearly enough, and that their Democratic allies in the North dare not deny them the little more, the few more votes that they would need. This is their idea to-day—to gain by legislation, by means of diplomacy and trickery, what they failed to gain by means of force. I believe it; I know it. All their expressions suggest it, and all their actions prove it. What else do they mean? Why is it that the State of Missouri has issued to every former owner of slaves in that State a certificate for \$1,000 for every slave, payable when the General Government will pay it? This very thing, the total

amount of the value of their emancipated slaves, is now estimated as a part of the State debt of Missouri. I used to think that this was a Republican falsehood—the certificate matter; but it is an actual fact, and these certificates, and all certificates of showings of losses sustained throughout the State, are being saved up as carefully as money against the day when the Democracy, and the rebel element ruling it in the national Government, shall have attained to power. If Missouri will do this thing, and hold out this promise to pay for all emancipated slaves, why will not all the Southern, all worse rebel States, do it, and will not they do it?

THE CONFEDERATE HOUSE.

When these things came to my knowledge I could do no less than halt for further developments, watching suspiciously every movement made thereafter which I could see had a tendency towards drawing the Democracy North and South nearer together, a union which I could see would inevitably put the old rebel element at the head of and virtually in control of the party. [Applause.] Events have culminated rapidly since then, and I had not long to wait to see the whole programme. The Democratic House soon gave me light enough. [Cheers.]

For some time I have been ready to answer the question, "Have you left the Democratic party?" I have. [Great applause.] And I am often asked now, "Is it so?" Will you vote for Hayes and Wheeler? It is so; and I will work for them as well as vote for them. [Renewed applause.] My Democratic friends ask me for my reasons. There are plenty of them, and all of them cannot be told in these few remarks. And it is not necessary to tell all. First, let me say that my abandonment of Democracy was not caused, as has been charged by the press of that party, because of the currency or tariff questions. I have no objection to those planks in the St. Louis platform. But my reasons are, as I have already indicated, and will now state further, The Democrats who press me for my reasons may know them. On the road the other day I met an old Democratic friend—one of the Van Buren County Democrats, whom Dave Sheward, in his screed in the paper the other day, said never had any faith in my Democracy after I went into the war. [Applause.] Quite excitedly he wanted to know if it was true, the report that I had really left the Democratic party. I answered, "It is a fact." He asked me the reasons for it. I told him they were quite plenty and sufficient, and as we had plenty of

time I would tell him some of them. Something of what I have already stated here was first said, and then I said that the first thing I didn't like in the Democratic House was the appointment of Fitzhugh, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Confederate Congress, as doorkeeper of the House, and the displacement of Union soldiers—many of them crippled in the war—with the ex-members of the rebel army. [Great applause.] He wanted to know if they didn't have a right to do this. I answered that they had, but that I also had the right to disapprove and denounce it. Another thing I didn't like was Ben Hill's rebel speech and its bold utterance of treason, and I didn't like the rebel yell in response to it all over the South, for I had heard that yell before, and I knew what it meant. [Great cheers.] They tell me—the Democrats—that I am "scared of Ben Hill." I don't think I am: I don't think I was "scared of" any of the Hills when I met them in the South; I do not remember that I was. [Great cheering.] Then I told my friend how worse than all of the many bad and unblushing acts of the Democratic House, I esteemed as infamous the act of appointing to the clerkship of the leading committee of the House the man Hambleton, who named his son John Wilkes Booth, after the assassin of President Lincoln. [Immense cheering.] This outrageous act, in truckling to the rebel element, the Northern Democrats dare not disown, and for all I know, this man is still clerk of that committee. The little child, so dishonored by its name and the significance of it, had the good sense, thank God, to die. [Applause.]

BEN HILL'S SPEECH.

That speech of Ben Hill's, and the record that the Democratic party has made in regard to it, would have been enough of itself to send any man who cares for his country out of all fellowship with it, and the party in whose name, and by one of whose leading members it was made. Hill in that speech defended Andersonville and the atrocious treatment of Union prisoners in the Southern prison hells. Could I endorse that, and still remember my own comrades who suffered in them more than death and hell? Can any party succeed which even tacitly endorses sentiments like these? Hill also said in that speech, "We went out of the Union hugging the Constitution, and we came back into the Union hugging it." What a hug? [Great laughter.] That was what they went out for, not to be rebels, but to "hug the Constitution"—of the Union they were trying so hard to destroy. I have

seen them when they were doing this "hugging." [Applause and laughter.] I remember one morning in April, 1862, the first day of the battle of Shiloh, as the rebel troops came bearing down upon us, that I ascended an elevation to watch them through a field-glass as they came. It was a grand sight, as they came in three columns, with their muskets at "right shoulder shift"—that form in which an army looks its grandest, and by which it always appears to have three times its actual strength. There was a blaze and shine of glory on those advancing columns that I took to be the lustre and shine of bayonets in the sun; but I judge now, since Hill's speech, that it was not bayonets they were bearing, but constitutions they were carrying along and hugging. [Vociferous cheering.] I saw them doing a good deal of hugging, these rebels, who were not rebels, but simply "Constitution huggers." [Renewed cheering.] The boys who are here before me, who were with me at Donelson, saw some of it there. [Laughter, and cries by soldiers, "That's so. We saw them in a good many battles."] What patriots they were, doing so much for the Constitution of our common country!"

DEMOCRATIC BITTERNESS.

One thing I have now come to which it is painful to speak about, as it is largely a private matter. So far from being allowed to leave the Democracy in peace, as I had hoped and expected, with no noise about it, you have seen, many of you here, what has been said and charged against me in the Democratic press. But what you have seen is nothing. In the last ten days I have received scores of letters, most of them anonymous, abusing me without stint, and charging me with all sorts of crimes. These things, which would annoy any man who had feeling, have simply confirmed me in my estimate of many members of the party I have left, and have simply intensified my conviction that my course was and is right. I can see by these an explanation of one thing that puzzled me in the career of my old comrade in arms, Gen. John A. Logan. Logan and I were a great deal together in the fore part of the war, and we talked things over as fellow Democrats, and in every respect nearly we agreed. After the close of the war we met again. When I had parted from him he was a Democrat; then he was a Republican and bitterly anti-Democratic. I said to him, "I can understand your course in changing parties, and I cannot blame you much; but what I cannot understand is what makes you so terribly

bitter against the Democrats." He replied, "You will never understand till you yourself leave the Democratic party, which day will surely come; but then you will see it plainly enough. You will get all sorts of anonymous, villianous, cowardly letters, charging you with all sorts of crimes, and heaping upon you all sorts of vile abuse."

THE REBEL ABUSE OF THE GENERAL.

I know the public charges made against Logan, and I know personally what atrocious lies many of them were, and I could not conceive that partisan malignity could go any farther than it went in the coinage of them. But now I do see. These letters I have received charge me with being a robber, an incendiary, and a murderer! These charges they make to described my career and record as a soldier. Can I be blamed, then, in view of such abuse as this, for departing from my resolved purpose of privacy, and publicly hurling back upon their authors all such accusations. Whenever you find one of these men charging me with these things, scratch his skin, and you will find a rebel. [Tremendous applause.] Let me refer to some of these charges briefly. I will not be long, although I find my time far too short for telling it all, and I do not want to weary you. They say I stole cotton and made money by it. It's a lie. [Applause.] I say it with that word because that is the word. [Great applause.] I captured but two lots of confederate cotton, as it was called—cotton belonging to the rebel government. I turned it over and took duplicate receipts for it—one of which I sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, where it is now, and the other I kept and now have it. I never made a cent in cotton, and never tried to do it. I make short work of these charges, because that is all there is of it.

THE VICKSBURG SOLDIERS GOLD SPECULATION.

They say I speculated in gold while at the head of my command. It's a fact. [Laughter.] The Wall street brokers were running up the price of gold, speculating on the fast increasing perils of the Republic, saying that Vicksburg could not be taken, and that therefore the rebellion would be victorious. They did not scruple thus to speculate, even if it was destroying the Government and helping the Confederates. Wall street and the rebels were together then, as they are now, [immense applause,] and they bet against us. That was all there was of it. We knew we could take Vicksburg, and knew when it would be taken before Wall street did. We knew the Mississippi would

go down so that we could land on the rebel side; we had already landed on the other side, and knew that when we did land on their side there would be trouble. So in April we organized together a number of our officers, and formed a club—[laughter]—all drew our pay, and got all the money we could. I put in this all my money, and everything that I had, and borrowed every dollar that I could.

We all put in this money, our pay as soldiers, and made a purse of it, and sent a man to Wall street to sell gold short at seller's option on ninety days, and put up our money as margins. It was simply a bet on our part that we could take Vicksburg, and that we would do it, and a bet on Wall street's part that we couldn't and wouldn't. We staked our lives too on top of the bet. We did take Vicksburg. [Great cheering, frequently repeated.] The river went down, and we went in. [Renewed cheers.] We won our bet, and Wall street lost. [Laughter.] We made money—I made money, lots of it, and I am glad of it. It served a good purpose to the Union, too, as well as to our pockets. It was not known the day our gold was sold whose it was; but the next morning it was announced in the New York press that it was the money of the Union officers before Vicksburg. In twenty-four hours gold went down fifteen cents. [Cheers.] Some of the noble men who fell in the capture of Vicksburg were in "the club," and their families to-day are saved from poverty by the profits of this soldiers' bet with Wall street. [Subdued applause.] You may call it a bet, and morally wrong, if you choose. I am willing to accept the responsibility of it as it is. [Applause.] So I did speculate in gold while I was actually at the head of my division, and that one charge is true. [Laughter.]

THE BURNING OF RICH REBEL HOUSES.

Another charge is that I am a house burner. The news that I have left the Democratic party seems to have got away down in the old rebel country, and some one down on the Lower Mississippi writes to a St. Louis paper, wondering if I am the General Tuttle whose troops, on the march from Milliken's Bend to Grand Gulf, burned so many fine houses on Lake St. Joseph, among them the finest residence in all the Southern country, that of Col. Bowie, the inventor of the famous Bowie knife. I am the man, [much laughter and applause,] the same General Tuttle who with his boys went along there. Nearly all the houses were burned before my command came up. The Bowie mansion was not. I was in it. It was the grandest house I ever saw or read

about. The house and furniture are said to have cost \$500,000. The upholstering was grand beyond all description. I found a number of Union soldiers in the house, belonging to Steele's division, which was just ahead of mine. They were lounging around in their muddy boots, enjoying the luxuries. I sent them on to their command, and passed on with the head of my division. My command was probably five miles long, along the road. After about half of the division had passed, and I was about two or three miles away, I looked back, attracted by an immense blaze, and the Bowie house was gone.

I suppose it was burned by some of my boys. I do not doubt it. Some of my soldiers—of Iowa regiments, too—were just out of a rebel prison, with all of its tortures fresh in their minds—and this was their first march. They remembered well, and they probably know something about it. Our orders were all against burning the houses. I suppose we could have prevented their burning if we had made it a specialty. [Laughter.] But we had another specialty on hand just then. [Renewed laughter.] This is my record as a house burner.

THE STEALING WOOD CHARGE.

They charge me, too, with stealing wood, and name the amount—twenty cords. The amount is right. [Great laughter.] Philo, there (pointing to Mr. Case, the drummer of the martial band present, sitting at one side, and who was drummer of Company D, of the Second Iowa,) knows about that. Also Mr. Moore, sitting there, (pointing to Mr. W. S. Moore, of the Second,) knows about it too, and was there. Both of you helped load the wood, helped me steal it. [Mr. Case—That's so, General. The Second Iowa can swear to that.] The circumstances were these :

I was ordered to take my regiment and proceed to Paducah and join a fleet going up the Tennessee river, to take Fort Henry. At Cairo I learned that Fort Henry was taken. My orders were changed to proceed to Smithland and join the fleet going up the Cumberland river to Fort Donelson. The officers of the steamboat that I was on with my regiment were bitter rebels, and sought every opportunity to delay us, so that we couldn't reach there in time. When we arrived at Smithland the fleet had been gone six hours. The captain of the boat said he had no Cumberland river pilot, and couldn't go up that river. I forced him to go at the point of the bayonet, and placed a file of soldiers in front of the pilot-house, with orders not to allow the captain and pilot to live a minute if any

accident happened to the boat. [Cheers.] Capt. Mills, of Des Moines, afterward colonel, was officer of the day, and had charge of the squad, and all who know that noble man and heroic soldier, know that he would have performed his duty. But we had not been going long till one of my soldiers, who was an old steamboat man, told me that the captain was "playing it on me;" that there wasn't half a cord of wood on the boat altogether, and that the purpose was to run out of wood at some point beyond the reach of fuel, and so prevent our getting to Fort Donelson.

I began to watch for wood. [Laughter.] Soon I saw some—this same twenty cords. I ordered the captain to land the boat for the wood. He protested that he didn't need it—that he had plenty of it. I told him that he could pull ashore or pull hemp. [Laughter.] He landed the boat. [Cheers.] A fussy old rebel was on the spot, the owner of the wood. The captain asked him if he would sell it—with a rebel wink. The owner, of course, said no. I said we would take it without making a bargain. He said we couldn't take it. I replied perhaps we couldn't, but we would try. [Laughter.] We tried, and every man in the regiment, officers and all, were soon loading wood, and it was on the boat speedily. Yes, every soldier in the lot helped me to do that stealing. [Laughter.] The owner wanted to know, as we were leaving, who was going to pay him for the wood. I told him that I didn't know, and that all I knew was that we were bound for Fort Donelson, and no rebels were going to stop us on the trip if we could help it. That is the story of the wood. [Cheers.] I don't know exactly how much I stole. I didn't ask the price, and didn't pay for it. But we did get to Fort Donelson, and some of you have heard of the fun that the Second Iowa had there with that lot of Ben Hill's "Constitution-huggers."

THE SECOND IOWA'S FIRST REBEL FLAG.

They say I am a murderer. Well I'll tell you about that. Some anonymous coward has sent me an extract from a paper in Missouri—name of the paper not given, but the piece cut out—charging me with having murdered a man in Stewart, Mo., and with shooting men after they had surrendered. As to the first, that was an incident of our trip, as we first went to the front. The town was on the Hannibal and St. John road. The Second Iowa was the first Union regiment that made the trip along the whole length of the line. Others had gone part of the way, but the Second made the whole trip, and were the first Union

troops that the rebels down there had seen. As we came up to this little town, a rebel flag was streaming from a pole in a dooryard. It was the first rag of the Confederacy my boys had seen, and they said it must come down. [Cheers.] I anticipated no trouble, but after the boys went up there I heard some shots, and then I went up. A young rebel had heard of our coming to the town, and had raised the flag, as a defiance and a menace, and said it should float if he had to protect it with his life. He got a chance. He said, with his revolver drawn, as the boys came up, that the first man who laid hands on that flag he would shoot dead. The boys proceeded to take the thing down—and he got killed. How he was killed I don't know exactly. Philo, there, [pointing to Mr. Case again, sitting near by, holding the same old drum that he drummed through the war,] can tell you about that better than I can.

Mr. Case—The fellow said he would shoot the first man who dared even to touch the flag or the staff, and the boys went for it. He tried to shoot, snapping his revolver twice. He didn't get a chance to snap it again. His flag came down, and so did he. [Cheers.]

The General—Well, that's the story of it. I didn't see that part of it. I saw the flag after it was down, though, and saw the foolish young rebel lying there dead.

That's all I know about it, and perhaps I am responsible. If so, I have nothing to take back. Our business down there was to put down the rebel colors, and of course we commenced as soon as we saw where the work commenced. [Cheers.] The boys, in taking down the rebel's flag, had to shoot the rebel to do it, and to save their own lives in doing it, and so I am charged with murdering him.

In having done my duty as a soldier, in my humble and yet earnest and well-meaning way, I am now called, after I have left the Democratic party, a robber, a burner of houses, a murderer!—just as Gen. Logan, honest, noble, true hearted, and patriotic, was so stigmatized after he had left the same party. Do you wonder, gentlemen, that I have been stung into making publicly the remarks that I have here? I have no abuse to make of any one. I call no one by name. I state simply the general facts, that others may see as well as myself that the war and the hate of the Union soldiers did not die, as the St. Louis platform says, eleven years ago.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

That convention did not look as though treason was an odious thing, nor that

rebels were ^{any} the less to be honored than patriots. That gathering proved again what the Democratic House had already proved, that the old rebel element is running the Democratic party, and that its whole hope of success is staked on their solid support. They were all there at St. Louis, and were the lions of the day, especially honored and cheered by the convention, and honored and lionized by the same gangs of rebels who were spouting treason and abusing soldiers there in 1861, as we were going to the front, and who were talking the same treason when I was there two years ago. [Applause.] Why is it that the nomination of Tilden has so revived and re-inspired the old rebel element? Why so much more so than the candidacy of Greeley four years ago, when there was some hope of a new party, and the death for good of the old Democracy? You can answer as well as I can. It looks like they knew their man. [Applause.] The alarming demonstration daily developing in the South would look like it. I see that the *Leader* interviewed my old friend Peter Myers, now living in Missouri, to-day, and that Peter says that the stories of raising the rebel flag in Missouri are untrue. I hope they are; but the reports seem to be well authenticated, and I fear some of them are too true.

For the people to do these things would be bad, but not so bad, we must remember, as was the rebel speech of Ben. Hill in Congress, so heartily cheered by his Democratic colleagues, and so wildly applauded in the South. That speech, let me refer to again a moment. The Democrats and Democratic press now say they do not indorse this speech. But they cheered it when it was made in the House, and the South cheered it, and their denunciation of it now is not so much denunciation of the spirit of it as of his imprudence in making it.

GOOD BYE, DEMOCRACY.

And now, in conclusion, as to the reason why I have not left the Democratic party sooner. They say I want office, and that I have wanted office. If I had, gentlemen, I would have left the Democratic party years ago, for it is a matter of record that I have said for years that there was never any hope of the Democrats carrying Iowa. If I had been an office-seeker I should have left the old party long ago. I am not a candidate for office, and never will be. I have no aspirations for prominence in politics, and I do not see why, when as a private citizen I have tried to change my party quietly, all this abuse should be heaped upon me. I can stand it, though, and it in nowise changes my conviction as

to my duty, only to intensify and confirm it. [Applause.]

I feel in earnest now as I did during the war. [Cheers.] I have no retreat to make. [Renewed cheers.] The reason I have left the Democratic party is that I have no faith in it, [cheers,] and no faith in the old rebel element, who I have long feared would come to the front, and who I now know and see have come, and whose coming has made my way clear and my course of duty plain. [Great applause.] Seeing these men again at the head of the party, and seeing the defiance of the men who last held office in the National Government under the Democratic party, make things plain enough. Among the last Democratic officers of any note were Floyd and Jake Thompson, the Democratic Secretary of War and Secretary of the Interior. They stole from the Government they were sworn to serve, to help the rebellion raised to destroy it, and beside their crimes and their corruptions, all that is charged against the Republican officials, admit it all to be true, even, sink into insignificance.

Why, old Jake Thompson, encouraged by the defiance of Ben. Hill in *his* speech, went down to Washington a few months ago, and like a braggart demanded investigation, pompously saying that he would waive the legal point of time. He went down there blowing, and got sued—for the money that he stole for the rebels. [Great cheering.] If old Floyd were alive, he too, probably, would go down there, under the protection of the rebel shadow of Ben. Hill, and demand investigation. [Laughter.] But like the child covered with the curse of the crime against Abraham Lincoln, he also had the good

sense to die. He was at Fort Donelson with the other "Constitution-huggers," but he skipped out early, so as to be safe.

If he had stood his ground like a brave man, he would probably have had the good fortune to die earlier. [Laughter.] But he lit out. He could steal for the Confederacy, but he wasn't willing to die for it. [Laughter.]

It is his fault, gentlemen, and not mine, that his memory is not to be spoken of with more respect. This Thompson and this Floyd were the last of the Democratic rulers, and they represented the domination of the South in the Democracy then. And Thompson and his friends, and the friends of Floyd, are again pressing to the front to assume party control. As they have come as leaders, I have asked and taken the privilege of leaving the Democratic ranks. [Cheers.] This, fellow citizens, is why I am here to-night. [Renewed cheers.]

Finally, gentleman, I would say, keep a solid front and we'll beat them. [Cheers.] I hope and think we will. I am with you, and with you in earnest. [Great cheering.] Close up for the fight. They mean business, and we must. [Applause.] It is something of the old fight, only it is to be fought at the ballot-box instead of on the battle-field. [Renewed applause, frequently repeated.]

I thank you, gentlemen, for having heard me so patiently. I have not tried to make a speech; I am not a speaker. I have tried simply to tell you, my neighbors, why I have changed parties, and at the same time to make brief answer to a few of the many mad and venomous charges which have been made against me because of my act.

SPEECH OF HON. W. A. WHEELER, CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT, AT ST. ALBANS, VERMONT

REPUBLICANS OF ST. ALBANS: You honor the cause of which I just now am a prominent representative. I was placed in nomination as the Republican nominee for Vice-President in the national convention by the action of the States of Vermont and Massachusetts. It is the greatest honor of my life that the Republicans of these States deem me sufficiently grounded in the New England faith to be one of the representatives of their ideas in the pending canvass. [Applause.] In the matter of my faith I trust they have made no mistake. [Applause.] I believe in New England. I believe in Plymouth Rock. They are convertible

terms. One of the most gifted of New England women has said that Plymouth Rock is not quartz. It is a perfect stone cut of the mountain without hands, and hands cannot prevent it from becoming a great mountain, filling the whole earth. Every church, every school-house, every town-house from the Atlantic to the Pacific has Plymouth Rock for its foundation stone. Wherever freedom aims a musket or raises a standard, or sings a song, or makes a protest, there is Plymouth Rock. Freedom, the church, the school-house, the town-house, these, my friends, form the very cardinal principles of the Republican party. I have often

thought and often said that the Commonwealth of Vermont composes and illustrates the complete realization of the highest ideal of a Republican form of government. Where else can you find such general intelligence, the result of your free popular system of education? Where so much fidelity and economy in the administration of State affairs? Where so much respect for the civil rights of each and all the people as in the State of Vermont? It is the mission of the Republican party to confer upon all the people of this country, in all the States and in all the Territories, the inestimable privileges which you in Vermont enjoy. It is a duty to which, in this Centennial year of our nation, we ought to address ourselves with renewed attention and fidelity.

I have no purpose here to-night, my friends, to recall the memorable conflict through which this nation has passed, and which made American arms forever illustrious. But let us never forget the obligation resting upon us to secure the results of that great conflict for ourselves and for those who follow after us. Never, my friends, were these obligations more apparent and imperative than now. We are already engaged in another conflict with the opponents of the party which saved the nation, and which to-day protects its integrity and guards its honor. As in 1860, we are once more, my friends, face to face with a united South, with the Democratic party in the North as its subservient and pliant ally. In every late slave State in the Union where this Confederate party is dominant it claims, and may receive, 130 votes in the Electoral College. It has complete control of the lower House and the balance of power in the Senate. There is not to-day in those late slave States any man holding a prominent position who was not identified in the great struggle against the Government. Not even in the State of Kentucky can you find a man in any position whatever who was not engaged on the rebel side. This is the condition of the South to-day. I have sat for months during the last winter in Congress by the side of sixty-one men who a few years since, with arms in their hands, were engaged in the attempt to break up the Government. Now I have heard those men defend the hellish atrocities of Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury. I have heard Lincoln maligned. I have heard defended the right of a Virginia justice of the peace to detain and open the mails of the United States. Can you tell me where is the difference in the spirit which twenty years ago led Missouri border ruffians into Kansas and which led to the massacre at Hamburg, where a reg-

ularly organized militia company were first disarmed and then murdered in cold blood in order that the white race might assert their superiority? My official relations have called me during the past two or three years into the Southern States, and I tell you what I know, my friends, of the real feeling of the Southern people regarding the reconstruction acts. They regard the amendments to the Constitution in reference to slavery, and the laws for the protection of the freedmen, as the French provinces did their cession to Prussia at the point of the bayonet.

It is to the South, my friends, with this spirit, and with the Democratic party of the North as its pliant ally, that we are asked to turn over the Government of the United States, with all its powers of legislation, with all its machinery of taxation. No such proposition for audacity has its parallel in the history of the country. What is the spirit of the Democratic party? Do you want to prove what the Democratic party of the North still is? Go to Washington; see fifty soldiers crippled in the service of the Union turned out of the House to make room for as many rebel soldiers. This is the evidence of the spirit of the Northern Democracy.

My friends, we confront the old issue, you must not underrate the strength of the South and its allies in the North. You ask me if it can be avoided. I tell you yes. It can be avoided in the old way, and in the old way only. You must not underrate the strength of this alliance. I have a confiding faith that the conscience of the nation will be sufficiently awakened to avert this great peril. Under the lead of the gallant Hayes who perilled his life on the field of battle—a modest man—a plain man—a man who has evinced great ability in his administration of affairs of the great State of Ohio—under Hayes the Republican party will again achieve a new triumph. [Applause.] What shall be your duty in this canvass? I tell you, freemen of Vermont, what I know—the Democrats are making great efforts to reduce the Republican majority in this State. Will you permit this, friends? [Voices—“No!” “No!”] The banner of Vermont was never yet trailed on the battle-field. Let your ballots protect the work so effectually done by your bayonets at Gettysburg and on many a field of strife. As you value good government, as you value sacrifices of the past, as you hope for the future, let your devotion to the cause of the Union be proved by your ballots on the first Tuesday in November next. May the star which never sets beam with new effulgence to light the other States to victory. [Great and prolonged applause.]